

THE BARRE DAILY TIMES

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1910.

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Frank E. Langley, Publisher.

The average daily circulation of the Barre Daily Times for the week ending Saturday was

5,605

copies, the largest paid circulation of any daily paper in this section.

July is beating June in giving degrees.

The Grand Trunk adds another large limb.

More than the usual interest is being taken in what the Vermont Democrats are doing at St. Albans to-day.

Another ex-bank robber has just died and thereby got a column obituary in the newspapers. That's discouraging for honest publicity seekers.

Considering that the Jeffries-Johnson fight pictures cost \$1,500 per day, not many Vermont communities will be required to actually prohibit their presentation.

The new granite building at Princeton will have a tower in memory of Cleveland. Build the tower also of granite.—Boston Transcript.

Yes, indeed. Furthermore, build it of Barre granite and be satisfied ever afterwards.

The Waterbury Record announces that it is cool on top of Camel's Hump. Thanks. Now if The Record will only guarantee a cool trip to the top, the top won't hold all the people who will be flocking to that vantage point.

The decision of State's Attorney Benjamin Gates not to run for the office again at this time means, in all probability, the nomination of J. Ward Carver of Barre by the Republican county convention next Saturday. This determination by Mr. Gates will simplify the work of the convention considerably, leaving perhaps but a single contest, that over one of the senatorships.

STRETCHING OF RAILROAD MILEAGE.

It does beat all how the mileage between Waterbury and Montpelier continues to lengthen. Ten years ago it was ten. Some six years ago it was increased to eleven and now it goes to twelve. If you don't believe the railroad, just measure.—Waterbury Record.

There has been so much said about the increasing of the mileage on the Washington county section of the Central Vermont railroad that it might be well to bring the matter to the attention of the public service commission, if there is any doubt of the accuracy of the railroad's measurements. For its part, The Times is inclined to believe that the Central Vermont company would not attempt to foist false distances on the traveling public during the present status of the public mind and directly under the eyes of the closest supervision the railroad has ever known. However, if there is reasonable doubt of the accuracy of the new measurements, it is the time to have the matter investigated.

A GOOD CHANCE TO RENDER AID.

The Boston Herald makes the suggestion that New Englanders now have an opportunity to relieve real suffering if they send funds and clothing to people in stricken Campbellton, New Brunswick. The suggestion is a good one and should be carried out through the agency of acquaintances wherever possible. Americans have been very prompt to send help to Paris, to Martinique and to about every place on the face of the globe, whose trials have come to their notice. Now they should not overlook this New Brunswick town, where there is said to be real suffering because of a two-million-dollar fire loss during the present week. New Englanders in particular have a closer interest in the people of New Brunswick for the reason that so many of the residents of New England came here from that section of the continent and still have some ties or friendship relations with the people back there. No doubt, too, that Campbellton itself is dear to many people in New England for those reasons. Hence, it will not be necessary to appeal to them at this time, for they have relatives or friends in the stricken community. Others may not have close relations with Campbellton, but may be possessed with the desire to render whatever assistance they can. The work of rendering assistance will be difficult for these latter, since there is no agency through which money can be forwarded or goods sent with the satisfaction of knowing that the aid will be properly distributed. The situation at Campbellton is not serious enough for the work of the Red Cross society, but still acute enough for outside help. For the present, then, the assistance of New Englanders will have to be done through the medium of acquaintances; and such work is to be commended.

Who Settles Your Estate?

Will there be any estate to settle? Some estates settle out of sight. Life insurance is the easiest estate there is to settle. Many estates wouldn't settle for a cent without the insurance money. National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt. (Mutual.)

S. S. Ballard, General Agent, Montpelier, Vt.; N. B. Ballard, local agent, Barre, Vt. (Mutual.)



Certainly in these days Hose play no inconspicuous part in a man's appearance. Go a step further and have 'em match the handkerchief. They are here—also the most comfortable of invisible suspenders and visible Belts.

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Current Comment

That's All Rice for You.

"Congressman Frank Plumley of Vermont hadn't the slightest difficulty in shaking off the remuneration plum."—Boston Globe.

Say, but that's a chestnut.—Barre Times.

The Times ought to know; it's an authority on ancient puns.—Brattleboro Reformer.

The Sanatorium Idea.

The idea of state sanatoriums for tuberculosis patients is steadily gaining ground. We note that three such sanatoriums in Connecticut, under construction simultaneously for some time past, will be ready to receive patients in a few weeks. The institutions are situated in Fairfield, New Haven and Hartford counties. The Fairfield county sanatorium at Shelton will house 108 patients. The New Haven county institution, located at Meriden, will accommodate 110 patients, and the Hartford county sanatorium on Newington mountain, will accommodate 114—a total of 332 patients. It is only a beginning, but it is a good beginning. The plan will be developed elsewhere, as time goes on, until the sanatoriums are fully commensurate with the population.—Burlington News.

Filled Teeth As Symbols.

If we are not mistaken, Henry James in his study of American society, made a few years ago, after a long period of expatriation in Europe, commented suggestively on the fact that he never saw in any European country so many people with so many social gradations who had "filled" teeth and who wore good shoes. By a strange oversight none of our enterprising makers of footwear utilized this sagacious comment of a most acute observer on what, after all, is a tribute both to the demand and the supply of shoes for American feet. Nor do we recall at this moment that American dentists went about, as they might naturally have done, saying to themselves and others, "Have we not more visible tokens of our handiwork than any other men of our calling in the world?" This observation of Mr. James on the peculiar frequency of "filled" teeth in America, was intended by him as a compliment, as indeed it was. If you cannot have sound teeth, it is far better to have "filled" teeth, as every well informed student of the conditions of pupils in our school now preaches, as well as every dental journal.

But we have come now to a time it is argued that the time has just passed when "the presence of a prominent filling or a gold crown in the mouth of a child will be a sign to all men that neither the state nor the parent has learned the lesson and value of child hygiene." Is the moralist of the future to say, "By their teeth ye shall know them?"—Boston Evening Herald.

Judges and Politics.

It is entirely probable that the great majority of American people will commend Mayor Gaynor of New York for his attitude in regard to the re-nomination of Garret J. Garretson and Samuel T. Madrox, justice of the supreme court of New York state, whose terms expire this year, and of Justice Harrington Putnam, who was appointed by Governor Hughes to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Gaynor after he had been nominated for the mayoralty. Justices Garretson and Madrox are Republicans, and Justice Putnam is an independent Democrat. In the face of a disposition on the part of Democratic leaders to turn down all three of the judges mentioned, Mayor Gaynor, whom no one has accused of being other than a Democrat, openly favors their nomination on the ground that when the question of re-nomination of a justice who has satisfactorily served a term on the bench comes up, the political affiliation of the judge should not be considered by either of the dominant parties; the only legitimate question concerning him being whether or not he has been capable and efficient. The courts of New York have been notoriously overrun with politics, and this stand by Mayor Gaynor, himself a former justice of the state's highest legal tribunal, is refreshing and encouraging.—Manchester Union.

The Ohio Lynching.

The governor of Ohio deserves commendation for his prompt and vigorous action in connection with the lynching at Newark in that state. He has removed the mayor and the sheriff after visiting the scene of the outrage in person and informing himself of the conditions at first hand. It is not the first time that the great state of Ohio has

been scandalized by such an affair, and the mother of presidents can ill afford these repetitions without bringing those responsible for them to justice. They reflect more seriously upon Ohio than they would upon Kentucky or Mississippi, because in those states they have been so common that at least the shock of surprise is lacking.

The ground given for the removal of the officials responsible for the preservation of order is the non-enforcement of the county option law. That left the opening for the work of special detectives to secure evidence against those whom the city authorities permitted to violate it. In that they were palpably false to their trust, because whether a lynch is a pool one or one of the public peace and the public good depend upon its enforcement until it is repealed. But it raises anew the question that has been often discussed whether county option is a workable system. It does not satisfy our New England idea, because here the town is the administrative unit. In the states of the West and South, it is generally the county.

This would seem to make the plan of county option logical. But administrative lines cannot control public sentiment. When they conflict with the desires of a community there is always danger that trouble will ensue. Some of the western counties cover not only large areas, but varying classes of population between which very divergent views of public policy prevail. For instance, county-wide prohibition in some of the western counties practically means about the same thing as state-wide prohibition in Massachusetts. We have had that and we know what it means. While it led to no such anarchistic outbreaks as that in Ohio, it nevertheless did much to an equal degree the non-enforcement of definite laws and to that extent was damaging and demoralizing, and we did well to rid ourselves of it.

Unlike the Ohio lynchings of a few years ago, this was not a race conflict, though from the arrests made it seems that some of the colored population could not resist the opportunity to take part in the lynching of a white man. It was hot-blooded murder. Conditions had been permitted to develop until the passions of the mob had reached the explosive point upon what seems to people of this section a comparatively slight provocation. Anarchy in Ohio seems a decided misfit.—Boston Transcript.

Jingles and Jest

Bjones and the Trusts.

Bjones used to talk about the trusts. From morning until night. He said they robbed the people, and it simply wasn't right. He pointed to the trusts, and said, "The great trust magnates drew, and showed how all the multitude were milked, just for the few."

But now Bjones doesn't say a word about the awful trusts. His sword within the scabbard rests, and he never lifts his tuncful voice. And helps the others knock. And I have rather come to think That Bjones has got some stock.

—Somerville Journal.

The Reform He Needed.

Earnest But Pony Street-Corner Orator—I want land reform; I want educational reform; I want—

Bored Voice.—Chloroform.—Manchester Guardian.

The Pessimistic Argument.

"Here's an Alabama man, 97 years old, says he has eaten hot biscuits regularly all his life," said the optimist.

"Oh, well," replied the pessimist, "just see how much older he would have been if he hadn't eaten 'hot biscuits!'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Between Beggars.

First Beggar—What are you doing here, Pete? I thought your stand was on the bridge.

Second Beggar—Oh, I gave that to my son as a wedding present.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Song of the Skirt.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in a five-room flat,
A-plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
In rhythm and cadence began,
She sings to the husband, who isn't rich,
The Song of the Home-made Skirt.

"Work! Work! Work!
Till I feel like I could fly,
Work, work, work!
I'm just a fool to try.
If I had a model to fit it on,
It wouldn't be so bad.
But trying to fit it on oneself,
Enough to drive one mad."

"Work! Work! Work!
Oh, how I hate this pin.
And now I've got it basted up
And seams all taken in,
It's miles too big around the waist.
The girths are all awry,
I never can sit down in it—
I wish that I could die!"

"Work! Work! Work!
My labor never flags,
And what are its wages? No style at all.
And a skirt that always sags,
Too short in front, too long behind,
And bunched 'round the band.
Till the back is sick and the brain benumbed.
As well as the weary hand."

Oh, men with wives who sew
Each one his fate deserves
If home's an endless sewing-fest.
That gets upon your nerves.
Pay! Pay! Pay!
A few dream-making bills
If you'll escape the scissors and tape
And sundry sewing ills.
—Rochester Evening Times.

Social Events.

Mr. Browning (compunctious).—This is a great day for us at home. My daughter comes out to-night.

Mrs. Little (surprised).—You don't say so, mister? So does my husband; he's been in for a month.—Teller.

An Ungallant Toast.

At the dedication of a new fire engine in a little town on the Massachusetts coast the following toast was proposed: "May she be like the dear old maid of our village, always ready, but never called for."—Success.

WEST TOPSHAM.

Team Went Off Bridge, Letting Woman Into River.

Mrs. L. P. Hight and nephew, William Hight, while out riding Monday, came very near having a serious accident. As they were turning round, the wagon backed off the end of a bridge and Mrs. Hight was thrown under the wagon, which was completely smashed up. Mrs. Hight was badly bruised by being thrown onto large rocks in the river, but was not seriously injured. The horse was not hurt.

L. P. Hight has a new auto.
E. A. Church was in Groton Monday.

James Rouhan has purchased a new team.
Miss Addie Rouhan was in Groton Monday.

E. C. Poole was in Montpelier last week on business.

Hattie Mills and Miss Laura Mills were in Groton Sunday.

Peter Trombley is working in Barre. Benjamin Chalmers is also working there.

Mrs. Sarah Bagley had two young girls killed by lightning Sunday evening.

Yes, we are glad things are looking up in old Topsham! Recently two persons were arrested for being drunk; last week one man paid a fine for stealing hen feed from Dr. Dow; three young men paid fines and costs for firing fireworks Saturday, before the Fourth of July, amounting to \$31.88, and one merchant paid \$11.45 for selling fireworks before the Fourth. These last four were from Walts River.

An Ideal for Rich Men.

And we must do away with Poo Richard. Let us substitute for him tales of magnificent spendthrifts—Jesse, who squandered his life for mankind; Voltaire, who recklessly poured out all the honey of his wisdom and laughter to save despairing France; Shelley, Sozrates, Mazzini, Washington, Lincoln—spendthrifts all. And if we must have copy book maxims, let our children copy over and over this very little one: "Love one another." It contains all the wisdom of humanity.

If Washington had demanded the full worth of his services at Harriman rates, the nation would have been bankrupt from the start. If Lincoln had exacted the full value of his services at Rockefeller rates, we should still be struggling to pay enormous taxes yearly to survivors of his blood. But if the nation had offered Lincoln a paltry hundred million or so, let us say, for saving the Union, he would have burst into uncontrollable laughter. "I thought my work was worth something in love and human kindness," he would say; "but you reward me by giving me a huge sum of money to solve a condition of economic chaos, just as Lincoln gave his great talents unselfishly to solve a condition of political chaos. Under the new regime the gentlemen who manage the trust trust will not say, 'How much can we get out of this?' but 'How much can we get to our fellow men?' or, in effect, 'Let there be light.' In other words, instead of of barbarous and silly ideas of business, they will acquire a godlike and splendid idea of business.

"But," some stupid person will suggest, "this is confusing business with philanthropy." The ridiculous thing is that business has ever confused with anything else than philanthropy, the love of mankind. The greedy mind and silly idea of business, they will acquire a godlike and splendid idea of business.

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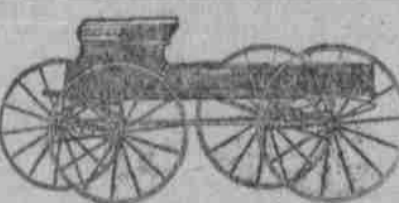
—Harold Kelloek, in the July Every-body's.

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Retribution

By BERTHA D. ALSOP

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He was from childhood a lady killer. As a boy in knickerbockers he had given the little girls of his acquaintance flowers and invited them to have tea with him. They were not old enough to quarrel about him, but they dated on him all the same. As a youth he resembled a young Byron with his large blue eyes, his negligee flaxen hair and round white throat. Then came young manhood. By this time he found more zest in his attentions to girls, though fewer pleased him. He and they were still young enough to feel the sweetness of a flirtation, and occasionally when the denouement came he was obliged to admit to himself that he had been singled.

He had no thought of marriage, a home, children. He didn't consider himself old enough for that. When he reached twenty-seven he began to look forward to it as something that would naturally come about. At thirty-five he wished that it would come about. At forty he began to fear that it would never come. Then it occurred to him that he had better try to bring it about.

But by this time young girls had begun to consider him an elderly man. And, as for those near his own age, he had no use for them. He knew that men of forty have on rare occasions married girls half their age and both husband and wife been very happy in each other. Why not he? He resolved to make an effort.

An effort in love! He had glided naturally into so many affairs of the heart that to try to get into one seemed repugnant to him. Why had he not taken advantage of some one of these affairs to preclude the possibility of the lonely old age that was overshadowing him—why? He knew well enough why. He had always considered the game, not the reality. To have taken one of the girls he might have had would have been to give up a conquest. At least so he had regarded it at the time.

Having lost his position at home of a young man and consequently not being thrown in with young girls, he determined to go elsewhere. It was the season of outing, and he determined to go wife hunting by the sea. He had made many conquests there. Moonlight shimmering on the dancing waves had called out that which had moved many a girl to love him. True, now there were gray hairs in his mustache, and his Byronic forehead was higher than it had been, but he thought with the same surroundings he might do the trick as he had often done it before.

It was said to see a young girl pass him without looking at him, whereas twenty years ago another of her age could not have refrained from a glance. He became acquainted with several of them, but somehow there seemed a gulf between him and them that he could not cross. These were half or less than half his age. Finally he met one between twenty-five and thirty who caught his fancy. There was this, too, about her that he did not find in the younger ones—they surprised him by acting and talking in a way that seemed childish to him. They seemed to him to have grown nearer the nursery than their prototypes. Surely the girls he had associated with when he was under twenty-five were not as frivolous as these misses. The older girl, on the contrary, talked and acted like a woman. She could be a companion to him.

He made up his mind that if he could win her he would do so. He made a few abortive efforts to make love as he would have made it fifteen or twenty years before. What he would have said and looked and acted then now seemed insipid to him. He desisted, contenting himself with the girl's companionship and showing her little attentions.

One thing troubled him. Though she accepted his attentions and listened to his chat, she did not seem to be impressed with his superior wisdom. He felt that, while she attended to what he said, she occasionally let it be known that she knew more of the subject he

July Clearance Sale of Wash Goods

Every kind of Fancy Wash Goods, Fancy Silks, Muslins, Mercerized Gingham, Dimities, Silk Muslin at prices to close.

50c Cashmere Silks for 25c yard.
45c Figured and Dotted Silk 25c yard.
25c Mercerized Gingham for 12 1-2c yard.
25c Cotton Rajah and Bengaline 12 1-2c yard.
25c Scotch Gingham for 17c yard.
25c Imported Checks for 17c.
25c Silk Muslins for 17 1-2c.

Cotton Crepe, White Dimities, Cotton Voiles and many other small lots of wash goods up to 25c yard to close at 10c yard.

Saturday We Will Sell

Wash Dresses, Duck Skirts, White and Colored Waists, this is for one day only, and less than cost.

\$1.00 Black and White Waists for 59c.
1.25 Waists, colored Dutch collar, for 79c.
1.25 and 1.50 White Waists for 98c.
2.00 Black Waists for \$1.50.
5.00 Black Lace Waists for \$3.98.
Other Lace Waists less than cost.
White Dresses \$1.98, 2.25, 2.50 up to 15.00.
Colored Dresses \$1.25, 1.50, 1.98 up to 10.00.

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was talking about than he knew himself. Surely there was nothing near the nursery here. He was uncomfortable at the thought that this young woman felt him intellectually beneath her. It was rather that he felt her to be his superior.

When the season was drawing to a close he wished to bring matters to a focus. This used to be easy enough when he was a youngster playing a game. But now that he was a middle-aged man, intending to tell a mature young woman that he loved her and ask her to be his wife, it seemed that the many times he had done the same thing came up to mock him.

However, he got it out.
"How time changes us!" she said. "A dozen years ago, when I was sixteen, you proposed to me, and you did it beautifully. Then I thought you a god. Now, being older, I know you

for a very admirable and pleasant gentleman. I thank you for the honor done me, but I am not now minded to marry."

He looked at her with a dazed expression, vainly trying to recall her as she was. But about the time of their former meeting he had proposed to too many girls to enable him to distinguish her from the rest. He arose in silence and retired.

He returned disengaged and is still a bachelor. His forehead extends to the back of his neck, his teeth are going, and he is alone.

Two Men.

A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates as fast as the sun breeds clouds.—Emerson.

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